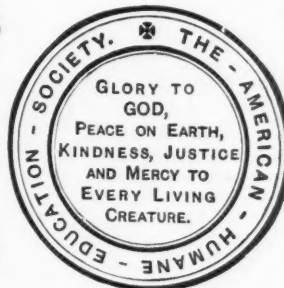


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 24.

Boston, November, 1891.

No. 6.



A BEAUTIFUL BOSTON SIGHT.

Our friends from elsewhere can see *one of Boston's most beautiful sights* by calling at our offices about eleven A.M., when about a hundred doves come from their lodging place in the steeple of the "Old South Church" to our window for their daily food.

Perhaps no other picture just like it can be seen this side of Venice. We cordially invite our friends to drop in.

GLORIOUS NEWS— "BLACK BEAUTY" TO SYRIA, PALESTINE, AND EGYPT.

American Press,
BEIRUT, SYRIA, Oct. 6, 1891.
HON. GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the American
Humane Education Soci-
ety, 19 Milk St., Boston.

My Dear Sir: The book "*Black Beauty*" has commended itself to us, as admirably adapted to the promotion of kindness to animals in Syria and Egypt, where horses, camels, mules, and donkeys are grievously abused and tortured. I have engaged a good translator to translate the book into the Arabic language, and we have already begun to print it as a serial in our monthly Arabic paper, of which I mail you copies, but as the paper is monthly it will take four years to get through it. We wish therefore to print it in book form as soon as practicable. An edition of two thousand copies, bound in cloth, will cost about twenty-five cents a copy, but less if stitched in paper covers. We

also should have electro copies of the cuts. Would it be possible to obtain aid from your society to print a large edition in Arabic and put it into the hands of the grooms, coachmen, muleteers, donkey drivers, and cameleers in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt? I suppose there is hardly a pack-horse, mule, donkey, or camel in these lands which has not a raw, festering sore on its back and is still kept at work day after day throughout the year; and now that carriages are being introduced and freight wagons are running in the cities and on the roads, the lash is laid on mercilessly.

Centuries of cruelty to animals seem to have hardened the hearts of the people; animals are underfed and overworked. "Black Beauty" is a Godsend to the poor brutes. Can you not help us to give the Arab race the benefit of its teachings? I would also be greatly obliged for a set of your tracts and leaflets and a few bound volumes of "Our Dumb Animals," to be sent to me by mail.

The Lord bless you and your coadjutors in your humane mission.

Yours sincerely,

REV. HENRY H. JESSUP,
American Mission.

If you can send me electros of the cuts, please send them to W. Dulles, Jr., Mission House, 53 Fifth Ave., New York City.

We answer this letter by saying first,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;"

and then we add that we will do everything in our power to carry the gospel of mercy to Syria, Egypt, and Palestine.

Here the providence of God opens a field for reaching millions with this wonderful and providential book, and winning them to a higher reverence for Him who came on earth to proclaim peace and good will.

Now, who will help us? Let all who believe in this kind of foreign missions send as they can afford to our "American Humane Education Society."

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society,
the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band
of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

THE CIRCULATION OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

We have already printed and printing, of the English edition, something over five hundred and ninety thousand copies.

Four other publishers whom we know (and it may be twice or three times as many others,) taking advantage of our immense advertisement of the book, have been issuing editions of their own, leaving out "The Codman Letter" and all our humane matter, and substituting paid advertisements; and a very considerable number of newspapers have been and are publishing the story as a serial.

We are told that probably no book in the world has had so large an issue in similar time from publication.

It would not be surprising if a million copies have already been sent out and read in America.

All this immense circulation has come from a single copy of the English edition sent me, without comment, by a humane Christian lady, Miss G. Kendall, of New York city, less than two years ago. GEO. T. ANGELL.

A HIGHER HAND.

A little boy sat in front of his father, and held the reins that controlled a restive horse. Unknown to the boy, the reins passed around him and were also in his father's hands. He saw an occasion to pull them. With artless simplicity the child looked around, saying, "Father, I thought I was driving; but I am not, am I?" Thus it is often with men who think they are shaping a destiny which a higher hand than theirs is really directing. They do their own will because it is also the will of God. A stronger hand guides them; a mightier power holds the helm of their vessel, and saves from rock and wreck. Happy are they who yield to the guidance of the Almighty hand.—Golden Words.

NATURE'S TE DEUM.

Deep in the woods I hear an anthem ringing,
Along the mossy aisles where shadows lie;
It is the matin hour, the choir is singing
Its sweet Te Deum to the King on high.

The stately trees seem quivering with emotion,
And tremble in an ecstasy of music rare,
As if they feel the stirrings of devotion,
Touched by the dainty fingers of the air.

The grasses grow enraptured as they listen,
And join their verdant voices with the choir,
And tip their tiny blades that gleam and glisten
As thrilled with fragrant fancies of desire.

The brooklet answers to the calling river,
And singing slips away through arches dim,
Its heart runs over, and it must deliver
Unto the King of kings its liquid hymn.

A shower of melody and then a flutter
Of many wings, the birds are praising too,
And in harmony of song they utter
Their thankfulness to Him, their Master true.

In tearfulness I listen and admire
The great Te Deum nature kneeling sings;
Ah, sweet indeed is God's majestic choir,
When all the world in one pure anthem rings.

AN UNFORTUNATE INTERRUPTION.

Willie was asleep, and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's son; Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning, and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the preaching, for their house was next door to the church.

"Dan," said Willie, "it is better here than in church, for you can hear every word."

In some way, while Willie was listening he fell asleep. Dan kissed him on the nose; but when Willie went to sleep he went to sleep to stay, and did not mind trifles. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care on his wise black face, and with one ear ready for outside noises.

Now, the minister had for his subject, "Daniel." This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg, and other tricks. While the dog sat thinking, the name "Daniel" fell on his ready ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his forepaws close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted "Daniel" again, the sharp barks said "Yes, sir," as plainly as Dan could answer.

The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny picture. Then he wondered what he should do next; but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father and took Dan in his arms, and said,—

"Please 'scuse Dan, papa. I went asleep, and he runned away."

Then he walked out with Dan looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could, but then he made a resolve, if he ever preached again on the prophet Daniel, he would tie up that dog.—Our Little Ones.

HINDERED IN PRAYER.

No man in the community was more respected than Elder Goodman. He was foremost in every good word and work, and exceedingly eloquent in exhortation. No devotional exercises were infused with so much life as those he led. So well was this recognized that he was always called upon for that duty. He was once attending a conference, and had passed the night at the house of a worthy brother. At family worship the next morning the elder was naturally called upon to offer prayer. This he was doing with his usual fervor, when the door sprang slightly ajar, and in walked "Tabby," the family cat.

Tabby was at once a very large cat and a badly spoiled and self-willed cat; she ruled the household with a rod of iron. Among her prerogatives was a certain comfortable and capacious rocker, which she had long since pre-empted. She would never occupy any other chair, nor permit any one else in her presence to occupy this one.

Unfortunately, Elder Goodman had this chair. Tabby eyed the kneeling figure for a moment, and then with an easy bound landed firmly in the middle of his back. The elder, taken wholly by surprise, and not knowing the nature of this sudden assault, hesitated and stammered for a moment, and then, deeply ashamed that anything should interfere with his duties at such a time, he went on with steady and determined accents.

Tabby, finding herself disappointed in the hope of immediate evacuation, began to reconnoitre, walking slowly and impressively up and down the good man's back, poking her whiskered nose into his neck, and sniffing with great deliberation just behind his ears.

The two boys of the family, out of the corners of their eyes, were watching the whole tableau and biting their tongues hard to save the family reputation. But their father, with eyes properly and tightly closed, saw nothing.

Elder Goodman's prayers were always full and comprehensive; to hurry or abbreviate them would have seemed sacrilege in his eyes, no matter with what "hindrances" he might meet, and he was determined not to resort to such a course now. But when Tabby finally settled down across his shoulders and began vigorously purring down the most susceptible part of his neck, even the good elder realized that a crisis had been reached; and, coming to an abrupt stop, he exclaimed to his startled host,—

"Brother G—, if I'm going to remain any longer at the throne of grace, I must have that cat removed."

A \$1000 PRIZE.

The following appeared in Boston daily papers of October 17, 18, and 19, and is now being widely republished and highly commended by leading papers of the country:—

"BLACK BEAUTY" TO BE DRAMATIZED BY THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Editor of—

Kindly permit me through your columns to offer, in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," a prize of one thousand dollars for the best equestrian drama of "Black Beauty" which shall embody the merciful teachings of that book. The decision and award to be made by a committee consisting of the managing editors of three of our Boston dailies who may consent to accept that duty; or by a committee to be appointed or approved by them. The drama to be, in their judgment, of sufficient interest to entitle it to proper public presentation by our theatrical companies. All dramas written for the prize to be left at my offices on or before May 1st, 1892.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society,
the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band
of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

Boston, Oct. 17th, 1891.

Kindly permit me to add that nearly a million copies of this book have been printed in the past year and a half, and there is hardly a newspaper of note in this country that has not spoken in its praise. It has been adopted as supplementary reading in public schools as far west as Oregon and California and as far south as Texas.

I shall have the German edition this week, and Spanish, French, Italian, and probably Norwegian and Swedish editions, and quite likely a Japanese edition, will follow.

A beautiful memorial fountain of polished red Scotch granite is now being erected in Ansonia, Conn., in memory of Anna Sewell, its author.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

DENMAN THOMPSON—"THE OLD HOMESTEAD."

Editor of—

The following appeared in Boston daily papers of October 29 and 30:—

It gives me great pleasure to say that I have this morning received a very delightful call from Mr. Denman Thompson, and that he kindly authorizes me to say that he proposes to try to write an equestrian drama of "Black Beauty" in response to an offer of our "American Humane Education Society" recently published in the papers of Boston and elsewhere.

I am sure that this proposition of Mr. Thompson will be read with sincere pleasure by all lovers of the horse.

Boston, Oct. 22, 1891.

And we add, that it will be read also with sincere pleasure by the hundreds of thousands who have laughed and wept as they saw and heard Mr. Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead."

THE STARVING PEASANTS OF RUSSIA.

We say, as we said last month, there is food enough to supply all who need; and if civilized nations permit tens and perhaps hundreds of thousands to die of starvation, we shall soon have retribution in the form of a deadly pestilence sweeping around the world.

May God hasten the time when, through the humane education of all nations, such things shall cease.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

There was a difficulty among the singers, and it was rumored that the choir would not sing a note on the next Sunday, so the minister commenced morning worship by giving out that hymn of Watts, "Come ye who love the Lord." After reading it through, he looked up very emphatically at the choir and said: "You will please begin at the second verse:—

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God."

They sang.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.
Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,
Secretary.

Over ten thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over seven hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or *authorized to be signed*—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band," and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:—

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

As this very important convention is to be held in Boston this month, and as this paper is to be distributed at that convention, it may not be out of place to publish the following letter, written by the editor of this paper to Frances E. Willard, July 12, 1887:—

BOSTON, July 12, 1887.

FRANCES E. WILLARD, President W. C. T. U.

I shall be glad to receive "Union Signal." The "Crusader" comes regularly. I had a few days since a very interesting letter from New Mexico, explaining the great need of humane education there, and expressing a hope that through the organizations of the W. C. T. U. it may be introduced.

I think the "W. C. T. U." has a great future, not only to prevent intemperance, but in other directions. If it adopts humane education in its juvenile work it may become one of the most powerful "Peace Societies" of the world, and perhaps the most powerful organization to prevent anarchy and protect property and life. Suppose, for instance, politicians for political purposes should try to involve us in war—say for instance with England. Suppose 300,000 Christian women in America and the same number in England say No. Suppose they send petitions to their respective governments from every city and town of both countries for settlement by arbitration. Suppose they call upon every Protestant and Roman Catholic clergyman in their respective countries to preach a sermon on war—and for union prayer meetings in every city and town to pray the Lord to avert the war—and call upon every Christian woman in both countries to wear some badge of mourning until the danger has passed.

"The wife who girds her husband's sword
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
Then calmly speaks the parting word,
E'en tho' her heart be rent asunder;
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war about him rattle,
Sheds holy blood, as e'er was poured
On any field of battle."

I am not a prophet, but should not wonder if sometime your great organization should drop the (T), and stand, with the larger, though shorter, name, "Woman's Christian Union," for Temperance, Morals, Humanity, and God.

With kind regards to all, I am,

Very respectfully,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Only one little word;
But it stirred the depths of a living heart,
And there through the years and the changes of life,
With its blessing and glory, its darkness and strife,
The soul of that little word shall abide
And nevermore depart."

A MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN AT INDIANAPOLIS TO FRANCES E. WILLARD.

We are glad to receive the following invitation to be present at the dedication and unveiling at Indianapolis, Ind., of a memorial drinking fountain erected by "The Indiana Loyal Temperance Legions" in honor of "Frances E. Willard":—

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

On the 24th inst., at 2 P. M., will be dedicated and presented to the city the "Frances



BLACK BEAUTY.—A MORNING CALL.

E. Willard Memorial Drinking Fountain," erected in Indianapolis, Ind., by the "Indiana Loyal Temperance Legions," of which I am State Superintendent. I write you to be present if possible on the occasion of unveiling this, the first fountain in memory of Miss Willard in America, or at least send me a letter to be read on the occasion, which will encourage our Indiana Loyal Temperance Legion—boys and girls who have, through the "Bands of Mercy" in connection with our Legions, learned to know and love the name of George T. Angell. The drinking fountain is not only for man, but also for horses and dogs and birds. * * *

KATHARINE T. A. STRAW.

We regret to be compelled to send the following answer:—

October 15th, 1891.

MISS KATHARINE T. A. STRAW,
State Superintendent of "The Loyal Legions of Indiana:"

MY DEAR MISS STRAW,—It would give me great pleasure to be present in your city at the dedication of your memorial drinking fountain to my good friend "Frances E. Willard," for whom I have the highest respect and admiration, but I am compelled to say that home duties are so overwhelming as to occupy my entire time, and compel me to decline all the kind invitations which I would gladly accept.

It will give me pleasure to mention in the next number of "Our Dumb Animals," which goes to about ten thousand American editors, the letter which you kindly send me.

God bless the Loyal Temperance Legions of Indiana! May they stand in the very front of the battle for Temperance, God, "Peace on earth," Kindness, Justice, and Mercy to every harmless living creature! With kind wishes,

Most respectfully,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep,
God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail, the Right prevail,
With "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
LONGFELLOW.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, November, 1891.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us eighteen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies, of back numbers.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR CIRCULATION.

Our smallest monthly circulation last year was 36,000, our largest 75,000.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances, to examine our report of receipts which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers, please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

Some days I have over two hundred letters, and over one hundred magazines, newspapers, etc.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BE SURE YOU BUY THE RIGHT BOOK.

Four publishers, taking advantage of our wide presentation and advertisement, have issued editions of "Black Beauty."

They leave out the Codman letter and all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book, substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc.

INVITATIONS TO GIVE ADDRESSES.

Three years ago the doctors proposed to make us give up work entirely for the rest of our life, and we determined to cut off all public addresses and talk thereafter only with our pen.

By doing this and taking the best possible care of our health we have, through the kindness of Divine Providence, been able to do, during the past three years, some of the hardest work of our whole life, and are now in better health than three years ago.

But to maintain this ability to work we are compelled to frequently decline the most flattering invitations to speak in our own State and in various parts of our country.

But this morning we received an invitation to address the Episcopal clergy of Boston, and have written in reply that if we can be permitted, without any preparation, to sit down at their rooms and talk with them collectively, as we should be glad to individually in our own offices, we will accept. We make this statement that other friends who have kindly invited us may not feel that we have treated them unfairly.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PROTECTION OF DUMB ANIMALS.

(From Boston daily papers of Oct. 29.)

A REPORT OF THE GOOD WORK OF HUMANE SOCIETIES LAST MONTH.

At the October meeting of the directors of the "American Humane Education Society" and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held yesterday, President Angell reported a very large increase in the work of the first-named society, including the formation during the month of 146 new Bands of Mercy, carrying the total up to 10,834; the formation of several new humane societies in Western States, and the issue of new editions of "Black Beauty," carrying the total upward of 590,000, besides the issue of a German edition.

In the prosecuting department of the S. P. C. T. A. Boston agents have dealt during the month with 224 cases, taken 29 horses from work, killing 74 animals. Country agents, during the past quarter, have dealt with 530 cases, taken 234 horses from work, and killed 205 animals.

Agent Anderson has attended 13 cattle shows, rendering valuable services, and receiving in behalf of the society the thanks of the officers of the various agricultural societies and others. The society's prosecuting department is composed of five agents paid full salaries, three agents paid part salaries, and about 500 agents scattered through the cities and towns of the State, who are paid only in proportion to services rendered.—Herald, Oct. 29, 1891.

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the life mutilation of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

OUR PROSECUTING DEPARTMENT.

If we should state that the work of our "American Humane Education Society" and our "Massachusetts S. P. C. A." has grown already to such proportions as to make it likely soon to become of greater importance to our nation and the world than the work of our great "Harvard University," many people would think it a foolish statement, while others more familiar with our work would think it true.

We shall not make the statement, but will say that with the formation of over ten thousand branches of our parent "Band of Mercy," the founding of humane societies by our missionaries, the sending of our paper monthly to the editors of over ten thousand American newspapers and magazines, the sending of hundreds of thousands of copies of our humane publications to all parts of this country and to places as far remote as Brazil, Persia, China, Japan, New Zealand, the sending out of more than half a million copies of "Black Beauty," the correspondence coming to us from all parts of the world, the new plans constantly being entered upon, and the new work constantly being undertaken, — with all these things on our hands it will not surprise our readers to know that one man cannot attend to all the necessary details, and that for this purpose it is necessary to have efficient heads of departments.

In the early part of the present year we succeeded in securing the consent of Hon. Henry B. Hill, a prominent and highly respected citizen of Boston, who has been for many years on our board of directors and chairman of our committee on officers and prosecutions, to take charge of the prosecuting department of our work. We are glad to say that the services he has already rendered have shown him to be the right man in the right place, and we are happy in the thought that this important department will be most judiciously and faithfully administered.

In this department we have at present five agents paid full salaries, three others paid part salaries, and about five hundred unsalaried agents in every city and town of the State, who are paid according to services they render.

If the law is not faithfully enforced in any town it is the fault of the humane citizens who reside there, and because they fail to properly educate, through our "Bands of Mercy" and otherwise, the children of the town and to stand behind and sustain our unsalaried

agents in the disagreeable duty of prosecuting those who violate the law.

All complaints should be sent to Captain Charles A. Currier, our chief prosecuting agent, or Hon. Henry B. Hill, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE DIMINUTION OF OUR INSECT-EATING BIRDS.

Will our readers who can do so please send us, in most condensed form, any facts within their knowledge in regard to the destruction and diminution of our insect-eating birds. We very much want to make good use of reliable facts on this subject.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHAT ARE THE OBJECTS OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY AND WHAT HAS IT ALREADY DONE?

I answer, Its objects are to humanely educate the American people, for the purpose of stopping every form of cruelty, both to human beings and the lower animals.

(1) By enlisting the teachers of every State and Territory to carry humane instructions into all American public and private schools.

(2) By enlisting the educational, religious, and secular press of the country to help form a public sentiment which will tend to check cruelty of every kind.

(3) By enlisting the Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy of the country in efforts to unite religious and humane education in all their churches and Sunday schools.

(4) By sending humane information, and the gems of humane literature, pictures, songs, and stories, through the press and otherwise, as I have been sending "Our Dumb Animals" and "Black Beauty," all over this country.

(5) By the employment of missionaries, forming "Humane Societies" and hundreds of thousands of "Bands of Mercy" in schools, Sunday schools, and elsewhere, similar to the over ten thousand we have already formed.

(6) By showing the millions of American youth, in ways too numerous to be mentioned in this statement, that every kind word they speak or kind act they do makes their own lives happier, and better prepares them for what may come after.

(7) By building up in our colleges, schools, and elsewhere a spirit of chivalry and humanity, which shall in coming generations substitute ballots for bullets, prevent anarchy and crime, protect the defenceless, maintain the right, and hasten the coming of peace on earth and good will to every harmless living creature, both human and dumb.

For what it has already done in the two and a half years since its incorporation, write

GEO. T. ANGELL, President,
19 Milk Street, Boston.

565,000 + 25,000 = 590,000.

590,000 COPIES OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

We now own nine complete sets of type of "Black Beauty."

This month we add another edition of 25,000, carrying the total to 590,000 printed and printing, probably more than double the number of copies ever printed of any book in the world in the same length of time from publication.

The prices of "Old Gold" editions are six cents at our office, ten cents when sent by mail; "Terra Cotta" and "Board" editions, on thicker paper, twelve cents at our offices, and twenty cents when sent by mail. A lower price can be made when 1000 or more copies are ordered at once. Express and freight charges on large orders are quite reasonable. Write

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our Italian edition of "Black Beauty" will soon be in print, the Spanish, French, and others later.

Our German edition is published by C. J. Krehbiel & Co., Cincinnati, at their expense and for their profit, we furnishing them gratuitously the manuscript translation. The price at retail is 25 cents per copy, or sent by mail 35 cents per copy, and can be procured of us or the publisher. For wholesale prices write C. J. Krehbiel & Co., Cincinnati.

If you have any pity for suffering horses—
Don't ride in any vehicle drawn by a poor-looking horse.

Or employ an expressman or teamster who drives one.

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

We are glad to learn by letter from Miss Clara E. Rowell, of Franklin, N. H., that the *W. C. T. U.* are introducing "*Black Beauty*" into the New Hampshire public schools.

We venture the opinion (in which we think all intelligent readers, who have read it, will agree) that no better temperance publication has ever been written, and that it has this excellence over all others, namely, that hundreds of thousands, who can never be induced to read other temperance stories, will read and remember this.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

We are in receipt of a powerfully written letter, too long for our columns, telling of the great work "*The Woman's Christian Temperance Union*" has done and is doing—of the terrible destruction of our insect-eating birds now going on all over this country, in North and South, summer and winter, to be used by milliners, and praying, for the protection of our agriculture and in the name of humanity and Christianity, that the members of this great and influential body will determine not only to wear no more bird ornaments themselves, but also that they will do their utmost to discourage the wearing of such ornaments by others.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR "AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY."

"I greatly approve of your enterprise, which seems to me the best charity of the day."

REV. DR. FREDERIC H. HEDGE.

"I look upon your mission as a sacred one, not second to any founded in the name of Christ."

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

"I believe that teaching to be kind to the lower animals is preparing the way for the Gospel of Christ."

CATHARINE SMITHIES.

THE CRIMINALS OF THE FUTURE.

Pretty nearly all the criminals of the future are in our public schools to-day, and we are educating them—the men who will throw our railroad trains off the track; put dynamite under our churches; commit outrages and murder; perhaps burn half a city some windy night.

They are in our public schools to-day, and we are educating them!

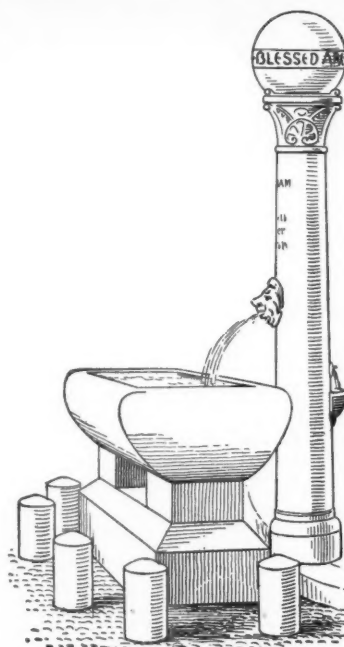
The churches do not reach them. It is said that all the churches in New York city, with every seat filled, will seat only about 250,000, while the population is about 1,400,000.

The Sunday schools do not reach them. I have seen, recently, in the Sunday School World, that of sixteen millions of children in this country, of school age, only about seven attended the Sunday schools. The other nine millions never go. Many of them have no parents, or worse than none. They have little or no thought of God or immortality.

They can be reached in our public schools; and neither they nor their parents can be reached anywhere else.

I believe it is infinitely more important to the future of this nation that they be taught kindness and mercy than grammar or arithmetic, and I am sure there is no way under heaven in which you can better teach them kindness and mercy than by teaching to do kind acts and say kind words a hundred times a day to the lower creatures by whom they are constantly surrounded. Every such teaching in our public schools is not for the protection of animals alone, but for the protection of property and life; nay more, it is laying, in the hearts of these neglected children, preparing to become criminals, a foundation of mercy and humanity on which every church can build.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



ANNA SEWELL MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

A MEMORIAL TO ANNA SEWELL, THE AUTHORESS OF "BLACK BEAUTY"—"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes, of New York, has supplemented her gift to Ansonia of a public library with a public drinking fountain, which is to be located in the shadow of the library building.

The fountain is of polished Scotch (red) granite, and will be placed on the corner at the junction of Cottage Avenue and South Cliff Street, where the crosswalk now is. In height it stands 11 feet 8 inches, the column being 1 foot 2 inches in diameter. The trough is 4 feet 6 inches high and 2 feet 6 inches across its base. The trough is circular in shape and stands a foot away from the column, the water flowing constantly. At equal distances around the trough are substantial granite posts to prevent the finish being marred by contact with vehicles. On the library side of the column is a small basin jutting out from the side, into which the water is constantly flowing from a pipe, from which the human family may quench their thirst. The column itself is surmounted by an artistic capstone, on which is a globe. On this is inscribed "Blessed are the Merciful." Half-way up the column, on the street side, is another inscription:—

IN MEMORIAM
ANNA SEWELL,

Author of
"BLACK BEAUTY."

—Ansonia Sentinel.

OUR MISSIONARIES.

How many missionaries have you sent out, Mr. Angell, for your "*American Humane Education Society*?"

Answer. We send out two kinds of missionaries.

Of one kind we employed one all last year founding "*Humane Societies*" and "*Bands of Mercy*" in our Western and Southern States, and two others part of the year.

Of the other kind we have been printing and sending out five hundred and ninety thousand copies of "*Black Beauty*," and hundreds of thousands of copies of "*Our Dumb Animals*" and various other humane publications, and the work of these missionaries is being felt, not only in our own country, but in places as remote as Brazil, Bavaria, New Zealand, Persia, and Japan.

HOW OUR WORK IS EXTENDING.

Our readers will remember the accounts we gave in October of what we have been doing



Your reverencing Sister
Anna Sewell

IN MEMORY OF ANNA SEWELL.

We were delighted a few days since to receive a call from one of the life members of our "*American Humane Education Society*," Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes, of New York city, who has recently presented a fine public library and building to Ansonia, Connecticut, a town of upwards of ten thousand population, and who is now causing to be erected on the library grounds a monumental fountain, costing about a thousand dollars, in memory of that noble Christian woman Anna Sewell, whose wonderful book "*Black Beauty*" is destined we hope to preach the gospel of humanity, not only in America and Europe but around the world.

It gives us great pleasure to present to our readers in this number of our paper a true portrait of Anna Sewell, and a newspaper cut of the fountain, with description taken from "*The Ansonia Sentinel*."

through our humane publications in Brazil, Bavaria, and New Zealand.

We are pleased to receive the following letter:—

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND,
September 11th, 1891.

G. T. ANGELL, Esq.:

My Dear Sir,—Enclosed please receive four pounds (£4) for the purchase of one thousand copies of "*Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals*," and to pay postage on the same, etc., etc. [This thousand copies of "*Twelve Lessons*" are to be used in the Auckland public schools.] Your kind attention will oblige,

Yours very truly,

JAMES BURT, Honorary Secretary,
Auckland Soc. for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

HOME MISSIONS.

No missionary was ever sent out by any organization in this country to accomplish a greater or more important work than "*Black Beauty*," of which we have now printed, and printing, in a year and a half, five hundred and ninety thousand copies.

It has gone, is going, and will go into hundreds of thousands of homes which no other missionary ever entered, and into many to which no other missionary would be admitted—homes of intemperance—homes of anarchy—homes of crime!—where the name of the Almighty is never heard except in words of blasphemy.

As those who have read it know, it teaches not only kindness to animals, but also, in most attractive form, temperance, peace, observance of the Sabbath, and, as a good Methodist Episcopal bishop said to us, "Almost every virtue that goes to make up a Christian character."

It is, and will be, read by hundreds of thousands of children who never could be taught to be kind to fathers or mothers that abuse them, but who can be taught to feed the birds and pat the horses and speak kindly to every living creature they meet; and so be doing every day acts of kindness which will make them happier, better, and more merciful in all the relations of life.

It will be read, if we have the means to circulate it as we desire, by millions of children in various countries and speaking various languages, who, through its kind teachings, will be led from love of God's lower creatures to an appreciation of the goodness of the Almighty who created them.

BISHOP WHIPPLE OF MINNESOTA SAID,

In an address at Trinity Church, Boston, on the evening of October 14:—

"Since my sensitiveness to exposure has compelled me to reside in the South during the winter, I have realized the state of the colored people in that section more vividly than ever before. I have been appalled at the awful problem that lies before the young men of America. I do not know that history has ever before had a picture of two hostile races, combined under one government, with equal rights, both growing more and more intelligent, and increasing in numbers. Where will the conflict end?"

"There are 21,000 teachers in the common schools for the blacks, and in them are 1,900,000 colored children. In New England you have made an idol of the public schools, but remember that it is as easy to turn out educated devils as educated saints."

This is precisely the reason why our "American Humane Education Society" is striving to humanely educate the American people, both black and white—to add to the happiness of both races, perpetuate free government, protect property and life, and prevent bloodshed, cruelty, and crime. GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR MISSIONARIES.

Our columns are too crowded to give the frequent reports of our "American Humane Education Society's" missionaries, but occasionally we give one:—

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, Sept. 22, 1891.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.:

My Dear Sir,—I have visited all the public schools of this city and found 39 Bands of Mercy among the children; also formed eleven bands among the Indian children in Haskell Institute. This is a Government school, with about 550 children, gathered from about 30 different tribes.

Our work has been well received here, and "Black Beauty" will be read, I think, in all the schools. I have made a good start towards forming a society here, and when completed will write you.

Very truly yours,

C. S. HUBBARD.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, Sept. 23, 1891.

I have completed my work here in the formation of the "Lawrence Humane Society," with a membership of 94 and the following officers: President, Alfred Whitman; Vice-President, Sophia Grubb; Secretary, C. P. Chapman; Treasurer, George Holmberg. I had the pleasure of addressing the Kansas State Convention of "The Woman's Christian Temperance Union," in session here last week, on our work, especially in reference to forming Bands of Mercy with their Bands of Hope. I also gave them copies of your Nashville address. I go from here to Emporia, where please address me and send copies of October "Our Dumb Animals," etc.

Very truly yours,

C. S. HUBBARD.

ANOTHER LETTER.

OTTAWA, KAN., Oct. 9, 1891.

Since writing you I have completed the organization of the Ottawa Humane Society, with a membership of fifty-two and the following officers: President, John Jeffries; secretary, M. S. McMullen; treasurer, L. C. Stine. I go from here to Emporia, Kan.

C. S. HUBBARD.

KIND REQUEST.

A superintendent of public schools in a large Western city writes us, wishing to secure for his school libraries all our bound volumes of "Our Dumb Animals." We write him that it would require a hundred thousand volumes to supply our school libraries, and we wish we had \$100,000 to be used in this way.

OUR PHOTOGRAPH.

A good Philadelphia friend who is distributing our humane literature widely in that city, urges us to reprint our photograph in "Our Dumb Animals." It reminds us of a visit we paid when a boy to the parish where our good father lived and died.

The good old ladies of his church gathered around, and one remarked: "You don't look a bit like your father. He was a very handsome man."

YALE COLLEGE.

The classes in Yale College are graded according to their scholarship, and it is found that in the first or best grade only 22 per cent. use tobacco, in the second grade 48 per cent., and in the third grade 70, and in the fourth or lowest, 85 per cent. use tobacco.

The hazing season has begun with the opening of the new year at the colleges. What could be more absurd than compelling a lot of freshmen to go to a beer saloon and there shave each other, using beer froth for lather and carving knives for razors. This was the programme carried out by the Yale sophomores down in New Haven the other night. — Boston Herald.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE—THE CONTRAST.

WILLIAMSTOWN, Sept. 27, 1891.

The freshman class of Williams College, numbering 117 members, was given a reception in Goodrich Hall last evening. About 225 students and members of the faculty were present.

The event replaced the custom of the old rough-and-tumble rush which in previous years came off between the sophomore and freshmen classes.

[We remember the pleasure we had some years ago in addressing the faculty and students of Williams College. We are glad to know that Williams is now setting such a praiseworthy example to other colleges.—EDITOR.]

PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY.

Three students were ducked in the seminary pond two nights ago. Last night a band of about fifteen visited a boarding house, forced the door and demanded a student, E. L. Well, a member of the senior class and a representative non-society man. The landlady and other women of the house resisted, and were roughly handled.

Well was dragged part way down stairs, and received severe treatment, but the invaders were frightened off by the women's cries.

This morning Henry N. Arnold, of New York, and McKee D. McKee, of Washington, seniors, and Phillip Rand, of Medford, Mass., class of '93, were arrested and tried in police court. Rand was discharged, but Arnold and McKee were fined \$20 each and costs.

These outrages are said to be the work of the academy "secret society" men. — Boston Herald.

Oct. 2d.

We hope the presidents and professors of our colleges and prominent schools will sometime awake to the importance of making our college-educated men law-abiding American citizens, and seek to establish, as we have often urged in these columns, "Legions of Honor," whose only requirement for membership shall be good character, and whose pledge shall be, in the old words of chivalry, "to protect the defenceless and maintain the right."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FROM ONE COUNTRY TOWN.

Enclosed please find fifteen dollars to pay for fifty copies of "Our Dumb Animals" for one year, to be sent to Mrs. Maria L. Lane, superintendent of schools, Sanbornton, New Hampshire.

Yours truly,

C. E. BODWELL.

OUR GOOD FRIENDS.

Our good friends, who at times almost overwhelm us with kind communications for "Our Dumb Animals," must remember (1) that our paper is very small—only twelve copies a year—and we cannot use one article in fifty that comes to us; (2) that in making selections we must consider that it goes monthly to men and women of every variety of religious and political belief, in our own and many other countries—men and women of all sorts of social and literary position, and readers of all ages. In our own State it goes to all judges, lawyers, clergy—Protestant and Roman Catholic; physicians, school superintendents, postmasters; large numbers of teachers, police, teamsters, drivers, our about 500 country agents, and all editors; and, outside the State, every month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines, including those of highest literary standing and widest influence.

There is no paper in this country, or the world, which occupies just such a field, and to attain its highest usefulness its editor must use constant study, care, forethought, and caution, compelling the omission of many friendly communications which he would be glad to see published.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

VIVISECTION.

Our readers noticed in our October paper that we had sent our two \$500 vivisection prize essays to all the college presidents of the United States, and to nearly three thousand Massachusetts physicians, including all schools of medicine. We should be very glad to send them to about seventy thousand physicians in the United States and Territories, but the cost of sending would be over two thousand dollars, and our "American Humane Education Society" has so much other work on its hands that it cannot afford to do this until it receives larger funds.

Our readers also noticed in our October paper the following, cut from the London September "Zoophilist," leading organ of all the anti-vivisection societies of the world:—

"It was certainly a happy idea on the part of Mr. Angell to offer an equal prize (\$250) for the best essay on either side, and then to bind them together in one pamphlet.

"It was also very right and proper on his part to obtain the services of eminent medical men [Drs. Bowditch, Whitney, and Mixter, the first named the dean and the others professors in the Harvard Medical School], who favor vivisection—to adjudge the prize in the case of the pro-vivisection essay.

"This at once stamps it with authority, and for the purpose of our review we may fairly regard it as the last important word spoken on that side of the question.

"First, let us say one word in praise of the temper in which Dr. Macphail deals with his subject. To our thinking this leaves little to be desired," etc., etc.

"In taking leave of Dr. Macphail, we do so with perfect good feeling. He has set himself to his task with honesty of purpose and humanity in his heart; and if he has failed to establish his points, if he has simply followed the route of vivisection advocates who have preceded him, and has based his arguments on history and science that are alike unsound, he has, at any rate, followed them in a spirit which we cannot fail to admire. We have no doubt Dr. Macphail thoroughly believes vivisection to be the harmless and beneficent thing he endeavors to make it out."

We cannot too strongly express our gratification at the kind spirit of this review of Dr. Macphail's essay advocating vivisection in direct conflict with the views of the anti-vivisection societies which the "Zoophilist" represents.

We would now ask the nearly three thousand physicians of Massachusetts who have received this essay to kindly send us, in the interests of humanity, as concisely as they please, their views in regard to the necessity and proper limitations of this practice, and we would also ask all our readers to kindly give us any information they may possess in regard to the practice of vivisection in our high, grammar, and other non-medical schools. All such letters will be considered strictly confidential if so desired.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

EDITORS OF BOSTON DAILIES.

We have recently sent "bound volumes" of "Our Dumb Animals," also various other of our humane publications, to the managing and city editors of all our Boston dailies, with the following letter:—

MY DEAR SIR:

I take pleasure in sending to the managing and city editors of all our Boston dailies the enclosed publications. I would add that our monthly paper, "Our Dumb Animals," was sent last year by our "American Humane Education Society" gratuitously each month to the editors of all newspapers and magazines in North America north of Mexico (as our newspaper directory there have them). A new directory has so largely increased the number that we now send it gratuitously to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines each month, and the other ten thousand the next month. We send it gratuitously in Massachusetts each month to all editors, all clergymen—Protestant and Roman Catholic—all physicians, all lawyers, all school superintendents, large numbers of teachers, about five hundred of our country agents, over six hundred of the Boston police, and some five hundred drivers and teamsters who have shown special interest in our work. If any or all the editors or reporters on your staff would like to receive the paper gratuitously for themselves or friends, it will give me great pleasure, on receiving their names and post-office addresses, to place them on our free list.

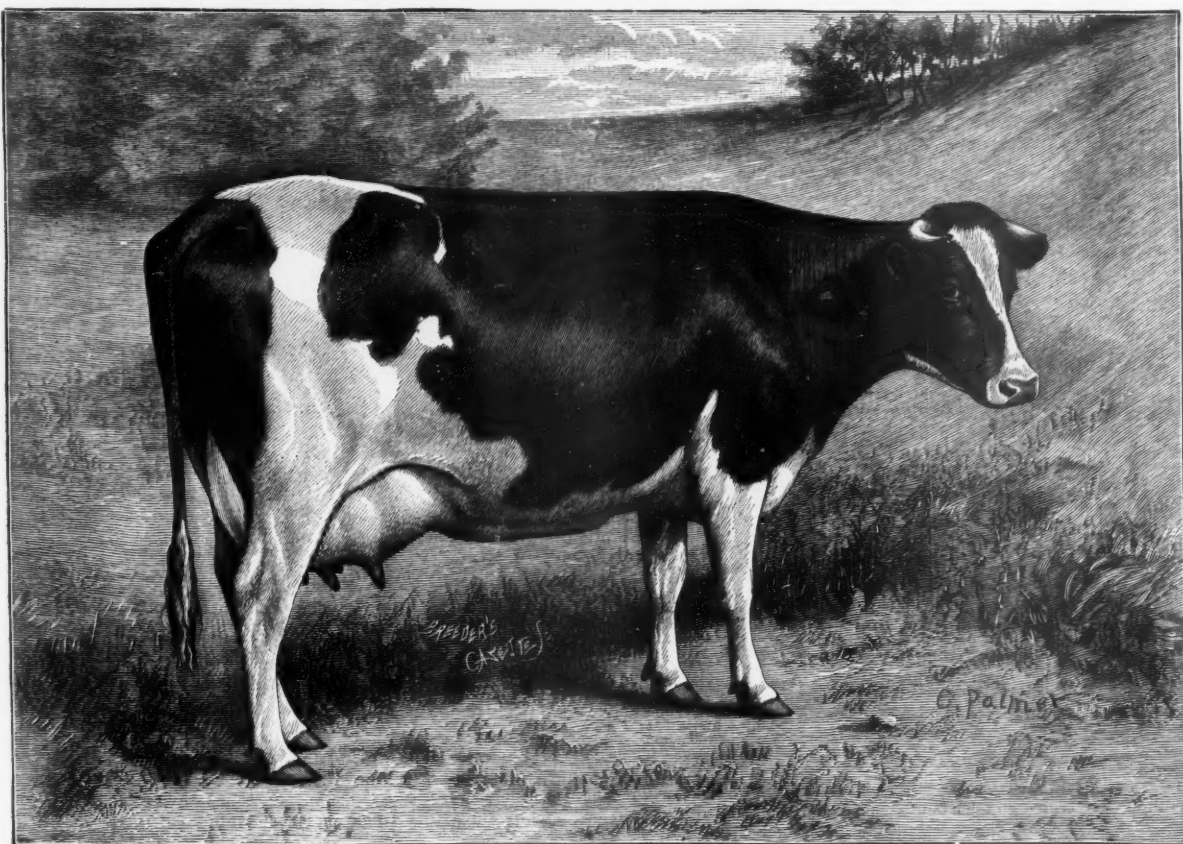
With kind wishes,

Very respectfully,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

19 Milk St., Sept. 24th, 1891.

The above has brought us kind notices from our Boston dailies.



"GOD MADE THE CATTLE." "GOD REMEMBERED THE CATTLE." "HE CAUSETH THE GRASS TO GROW FOR THE CATTLE."
"THE CATTLE ON A THOUSAND HILLS ARE HIS."

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

(From Des Moines, Iowa, "Mail and Times.")

This is what a big, burly policeman said of the girls of New York, and it will apply with equal propriety to our own Des Moines girls: "The best protection a young woman can have in this city is one of those little silver crosses that the 'King's Daughters' wear. I've noticed now-a-days the professional masher will look first at the bosom of a woman's dress, and if that little cross is dangling from a button-hole he passes her without even a stare. It is the same way on the street cars as on the street. The young woman who wears one of those badges has got a whole carload of men to take care of her and jump onto the fellow who dares to annoy her. The cross is getting to be looked upon with the same respect and deference as a nun's garb. As a safeguard it beats the average policeman all hollow." There are many King's Daughters in Des Moines, and their numbers are increasing every year. They are very quiet workers, but our city is brighter and better for their presence. Many sick, many shut-in people, worthy and unworthy, have felt the influence of their gentle ministrations. It is believed that the little emblem worn by them, representing self-sacrifice, daily consecration, and self-giving, has impressed all men and women that there is something sweeter, nobler in life than selfish pleasure, or a life of ease and self-gratification.

AN IMPORTANT AND KIND LETTER.

We are much pleased to receive the following from Hon. J. L. M. Curry, who, as trustee of the Peabody and Slater Funds, occupies one of the most important educational positions in America:—

RICHMOND, VA., 24th Sept., '91.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL, Boston:

My Dear Sir,—Please accept sincere gratitude for your great work. In my ministry of education, as having charge practically of Peabody and Slater Funds, (through the too great confidence of the respective boards,) it is a pleasure everywhere to commend your writings and work and "Black Beauty."

Yours truly,

J. L. M. CURRY.

FROM MINNEAPOLIS.

435 TEMPLE COURT,
MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 17, 1891.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—I have recently returned from The Argentine Republic, South America, where horses are most unmercifully treated. Words cannot express the suffering I have seen, particularly in Buenos Ayres. Do you think we could manage to get "Black Beauty" translated into Spanish and sent there? etc., etc., etc.

ANTOINETTE CHOATE.

We answer that the translation of "Black Beauty" into Spanish has been delayed by the sickness of the translator, but it is our firm determination not only to have it translated into Spanish, but with the help of Divine Providence to have it widely circulated among all the Spanish-speaking peoples of North and South America, and, we hope, of the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FROM RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

Sept. 19th, 1891.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Your contributions of humane literature for the North Carolina Exposition have arrived. Accept many thanks for your prompt response. Mrs. Beckneth, to whom they were sent, asks me to say that "she will never cease to thank you, and hopes the literature will do good to thousands." (Amen.)

This morning I visited the Market House, and at the meat stalls gave out copies of "How to Kill Animals Humanely." (Inclosed you will find remittance for more of "The Check-Rein" pamphlet.) I am giving them at livery stables. Your pink check-rein cards have been pinned to many a tree and telegraph line post.

This work of yours and of all those who love to help in it,—is it not one of the best in the world?

May you have your wish "to live to work in it a hundred years." It seems as if angels—higher up in space—ought to keep you.

Sincerely yours,

ANNA D. LUDLOW.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

In our large correspondence we receive every morning enough interesting letters to fill a considerable portion of this paper. Among those received on this morning, October 16th, the first that comes to our attention is from Hugh Lindsay, proprietor of the "Daily Local News," Huntingdon, Pa., wishing twenty-four hundred copies of "Black Beauty" to send to his subscribers, and enclosing a check.

Second, from Miss Emma Field, Grand Rapids, Mich., telling of the influence of "Our Dumb Animals" in her school, and enclosing a check to pay for sending it to the principals of all the public schools in Grand Rapids.

Third, from J. T. Butler, Esq., LaMoure, North Dakota, telling of the good effect of "Black Beauty" there, where a teacher has been giving a half hour of each day to reading it to her scholars, having them take notes and write essays on it. And so, if we had space, we could go on giving letter after letter, showing the wonderfully wide influence of our humane work.

\$200.

Just before going to press we are made happy by receipt of \$200 from a Wisconsin friend, to aid in the work of our "American Humane Education Society."

How we do wish that we had a thousand just such friends! How with a thousand such contributions we could widen this grand work of humane education for the prevention of war, and cruelty, and crime, and the hastening of peace on earth and goodwill to every living creature.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A GOOD LETTER.

A kind lady in New York city sends us a check of one hundred dollars accompanied by the words: "For your blessed work, with sincere regards." She tells of great good done in the South through our distribution of "Black Beauty," and as one incident quotes from a letter as follows: "I cannot count the number of people who have read the 'Black Beauty' you gave me. I went to a place where there was a stock farm and every one read it, old and young."

The good lady who sends this check orders, for distribution in North Carolina, one hundred copies of "Black Beauty," one hundred of our Boston public school address, one hundred of our Nashville address, one hundred of check-rein pamphlet, one hundred of the series of humane leaflets, one hundred check-rein cards, one hundred Captain Codman's leaflet, and forty back numbers of "Our Dumb Animals."

A GOOD LETTER FROM MUNICH, BAVARIA.

MUNICH, BAVARIA, Sept. 10, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Please allow me the privilege of adding twenty pounds sterling [one hundred dollars] towards the salary of a gentleman to visit our large cities in the interest of humane education, and may we all pray that your strength may be as the eagle's, full to overflowing.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. A. CHAMPLIN.

TORONTO DAILY GLOBE CLERGYMEN.

THIS TICKET INVITES YOU

TO THE Boy's Meeting AT THE

BLOOR STREET BAPTIST CHURCH,

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11TH, 1891, 7 P.M.

Sermon to Boys on "Cruelty to Animals." Boys and their friends invited.

O. C. S. WALLACE.

A stranger dropping into the Bloor Street Baptist Church last night would have been surprised to notice the large number of boys scattered through the large audience that filled every seat in the edifice. The reason of this was the announcement made by the pastor, Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, that he would preach a special sermon for boys on "Cruelty to Animals."

* * * -Daily Globe, Oct. 12.

Sorry we have not space for the interesting report of this able sermon. The above card, signed by the pastor, and containing a small picture of the church, helped draw the large audience.

Will clergymen who read this paper please kindly preach a sermon to the boys, and then another to the girls, on kindness to God's lower creatures?

We will send to all such copies of our Nashville and Boston addresses and other publications, to make it very easy to prepare such a sermon.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SAN FRANCISCO.

We are delighted to read in the "San Francisco News Letter" an admirable account of "The Animal's Home," recently established in that city to take the place of the "disreputable pound," which had become a public nuisance and disgrace.

It cost the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals about \$20,000, and on the second floor are kitchen, dining-room, and four bed-rooms for the use of the superintendent and assistants.

We shall take great interest in following the practical workings of this institution, which, if it proves a success, may lead to the establishment of similar ones in other cities. The cost of running it will be, as we are informed, about five thousand dollars a year.

VERY IMPORTANT PLANS.

Among our plans for the coming winter is to employ a gentleman of the highest educational rank, who will be welcomed by all American educators, to visit our large American cities and address their teachers on the impor-

ance of humane education and "Bands of Mercy" in all their schools.

Also, to visit our leading universities and colleges, and—as we had the pleasure of doing to some extent personally many years ago—address their faculties and students on the same subject, and urge the importance of adding to their Greek letter societies, others for whose membership the only requirement shall be character, and whose pledge shall include the old pledge of chivalry, "to protect the defenceless and maintain the right."

We know a man who can do this, but his time is valuable and he cannot afford to work for small pay.

Also, we want to send to about ninety thousand American physicians (allopathic, homœopathic, and eclectic), our two five hundred dollar vivisection prize essays, and the same to some twenty thousand American editors.

To do this we must not endanger the success of other work which our "American Humane Education Society" proposes and has already undertaken, and therefore we ask our friends to send us money they can spare for these purposes, leaving its appropriation to our discretion, or specifying how it shall be spent if they so prefer; and the sooner the money is received the sooner we can begin.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HONOR TO MASSACHUSETTS.

(Extract from a letter received.)

To New York belongs the honor of establishing the first society P.C.A. in America, but Massachusetts has reason to be proud that to her belongs the honor of establishing the first paper of its kind in the world for the protection of dumb animals, and printing two hundred thousand copies of its first number; also for its instrumentality in establishing the "Animal World" in Great Britain and the "Ladies' Humane Educational Committee," of which the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is president; and its child, the first "Band of Mercy"; and last for establishing "The American Humane Education Society," the first of its kind in the world, which is now sending its humane literature and forming its humane societies and "Bands of Mercy" all over this country and elsewhere.

THE BOSTON GLOBE.

We are indebted to the "Boston Globe," of October 11th, for the following kind notice:—

Mr. Angell, in his labors for dumb animals, is no less fertile in expedients for conveying hints than in making direct appeals. His latest hint shows that he is a man of almost infinite resources, among which is a delicious quality of philanthropic humor.

"To those who wish to remember in their wills either our 'American Humane Education Society' or 'Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,'" writes Mr. Angell, "we would say that the trustees of the permanent funds of these societies have a box in the safe deposit vaults, as has also the undersigned, where such wills can be preserved."

And he adds that he will write free of charge the wills of all persons wishing to give property to either of the above societies.

WILLS.

I am glad to receive a kind letter from a good and prominent lady of Nebraska, asking me to prepare and send her a will giving her property to our "American Humane Education Society," which she will execute and return to me.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

REPORTERS.

It is related in the early history of Deerfield, Mass., that an Indian came one day to the landlord of the village tavern and told him he had killed a deer up on the mountain, and if the landlord would give him a bottle of rum he might have the deer. The Indian described the field, and the tree under which he left the deer. The landlord gave the Indian his rum, harnessed his team, and went up the mountain for the deer.

He found the field and the tree, but no deer.

Some time afterwards the Indian came again to the village, and the landlord threatened to flog him.

The Indian said, "Didn't you find the field?" "Yes." "Didn't you find the tree?"

"Yes." "But you didn't find the deer?" "No."

"Well, that's two truths to one lie, and that's pretty good for an Indian!"

Recently we have seen several articles relating to ourself in Boston dailies—two accompanied by pictures—in the reading of which we have had some good laughs, but think it well to say to those of our friends who may have also read them, that while we have the kindest feelings towards reporters, and have been kindly helped by them perhaps a thousand times, yet we are occasionally reminded in reading their reports of the Deerfield Indian above referred to.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

A TRUE AND FUNNY STORY.

The extent to which theory often fails in practice is furnished by a venerated professor, a most distinguished mathematician, whose works are still used as text-books in many of our institutions, and which occurred within the compass of our own experience.

He went to Bethel, Me.; on his return he spent the Sabbath in Lewiston. Monday morning he was told the horse was sick. Nevertheless he started. The horse went a few rods, fell down, and broke both thills. He then sent his wife home, and also sent to Brunswick for another horse and carriage to take him and the broken chaise home.

When the driver came they lashed the two vehicles together and started. All went well till they came to the first long, steep hill between Lewiston and Brunswick; on its summit they held a consultation. The professor said: "Mr. Chandler, it is too much for the horse to hold these two carriages on this steep descent: take the horse out; I will get into the shafts."

"Professor," replied Chandler, "the breeching is strong."

"But the horse, Mr. Chandler; it is too much for the horse. Besides, I know how to take advantage of the descent, and can manage it much better than the horse."

"If the horse can't hold it, you can't."

"Do you, sir, intend to place me, in point of intelligence and knowledge of mechanical forces, below a horse?"

"I have made mathematics the study of a lifetime."

"I have no intention to be disrespectful, sir; but I know that a horse understands his own business, which is handling a load on a hill. I was sent up here by my employer to take care of his property, and if you prefer to be horse yourself I cannot be responsible."

"I" replied the professor, "will assume all responsibility."

The driver, nothing loath to witness the operation, took out the horse and held him by the bridle; and the professor, getting into the shafts, took hold of them at the ends. The forward carriage was just descending the hill and the hinder one a little over the summit, when the professor tread on a rolling stone, which caused him to plunge forward, and increased his velocity so much that he was forced to walk faster and exchange the slanting position—with his shoulders thrown well back and his feet braced—which he had first adopted, for a perpendicular one. Soon he was pushed into a run, the carriages going at a fearful rate.

At the bottom of the hill was a brook; on each side precipitous banks. The professor was between Scylla and Charybdis, going six feet at a leap. In order to cramp the forward wheel, he turned suddenly to the right. The shafts of the forward carriage went two feet into the bank, breaking both of them short off; the lashing of the hinder one slipped, and it ran into the forward one, breaking the fender, and both vehicles turned over at the bottom of the hill with a tremendous crash; the learned gentleman described a parabola—one of his favorite figures—and landed two rods away. He rose from the earth, his knees skinned, pants torn, a piece of skin knocked off his forehead, and his best hat flat as a pancake underneath the hind carriage; and, looking around, said,—

"Is it possible I could have been so much deceived as to the momentum?"

"I don't know anything about momentum," said Chandler, "but I do know something about horses. I know it makes a mighty difference on a steep hill whether the horse has two legs or four, and whether he weighs one hundred and seventy-five or one thousand two hundred pounds."

It cost the professor \$37.50 to pay the damages.

COULDN'T DRIVE THE OXEN.

It is said that almost every man is quite sure he can successfully edit a newspaper. But it is not quite so easy to drive oxen, as one of our city travelling men found out the other day when he made a bet of ten dollars that he could drive a yoke of oxen around the square in a country town. He succeeded quite well until he came to a corner, when the oxen put their heads down, elevated their tails, and bolted on a run for the country. The farmer pocketed his ten dollars and followed them.



A MORNING CALL, WHICH FRIGHTENS THE YOUNG FOLKS.

For this beautiful cut we are indebted to "School and Home," of St. Louis, a publication used in the eighty Grammar Schools of that city as supplementary reading.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Our foreign missionary societies are full of activity sending out their missionaries.

If we mistake not, some of them spend every year about half a million of dollars to convert the heathen in foreign lands.

We want another half a million every year to convert the heathen in our own land, upon whose conversion will depend largely the future of this country and the progress of the world's civilization and Christianity.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A MILLION OF DOLLARS.

We were asked by a good friend some time since: "How much money do you want, Mr. Angell, for your humane work?"

And we answered, a million of dollars.

If there is any nation in the world where money can be more profitably expended in humane education than here, we do not know what nation it is.

If there is any work more important — so far as this world is concerned — than humane education, we do not know what it is.

If there is any organization in the world which can use money more wisely or economically in humane education than our "American Humane Education Society," we shall be glad to know where it can be found.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE CATBOAT RACE—WHO WON THE PRIZE?

We find in "St. Nicholas" a story which we are very sorry is too long for our crowded columns.

Six catboats were entered for a race by the boys stopping at one of our seaboard towns, and there was great excitement among the contestants as to which should win the prize. A gentleman much interested in the prevention of cruelty to animals, stopping there, wishing

to test the humanity of the boys and teach them all a good lesson, arranged to put a cat on a rock which they must all pass, and which with the rising of the tide they must see would be drowned unless rescued (though he had a man with a boat behind a neighboring island to save her if the boys did not). When Philip Carr, who sailed the boat sure to win, saw the five slower boats sail by with no attempt at rescue, he decided to forfeit his chances for the prize and save the cat. His comrade objected, but Phil said grimly, "I'm going for that cat."

Then, in an instant, he jumped to his feet, shoved over his tiller and began hauling in his sheet. The boat came up to the wind, and in another moment, with her sheet trimmed well aft, the "Nameless" was running off at a sharp angle from her former course.

He lost the prize but saved the cat. The gentleman had procured a large toy tin watch as the booby prize for the boat that came last. When the other prizes had been distributed Phil came forward with the cat in his arms to take the booby prize.

"Then Mr. Poindexter came forward holding a pasteboard box. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I believe watches or chronometers are generally considered indispensable on board ship."

"Then he took the tin watch from the box and held it up to view. There was a burst of good-natured merriment from the audience. They understood that this was the booby prize."

"I suppose they are needed," continued the speaker, "to keep the ship from being behind time." At this there was more merriment. Then he added facetiously, "I don't know whether this is the starboard watch or the port watch or the dog watch. Perhaps it is the anchor watch." Whereupon those who were listening laughed more than ever; all except Phil, who did not see anything funny about it.

"Then Mr. Poindexter's manner suddenly became graver. "But before I call upon the young gentleman who has won this valuable prize to come forward and receive it, I wish to show you its works," said he, "and to tell you a story about it."

Mr. Poindexter, as he spoke these words, touched a spring in the case of the watch, which, flying open, disclosed a bright object within. This object he took out and held up to view. It was a beautiful gold watch and chain. The audience gazed at it in silent

wonder, Phil Carr more amazed and mystified than all the rest.

"I am," continued Mr. Poindexter, smiling, "a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. That is my hobby, people say. And I am quite content that they should call it so, if they like. Certainly, the objects which that society has commend themselves to me, and I think so well of them that I do everything I can to forward them wherever I am. When I came down here and learned about the boat race, I immediately concocted a little plan of my own."

"I had a man take a steam launch and go down to what you know as Highwater Rock and leave there, on the rock, a cat I had borrowed. I did not mean to put her in danger. The man had instructions to run over to Wood Island until the boats went by, and then go back and take her off again. I had an object in view which I thought warranted me in subjecting her to so much anxiety. I knew that the boats, in sailing the last stretch of the race, would pass in full view of the rock and must see the cat. And I knew that each of those boys would know that if the poor creature were left there the tide would certainly come up before long and drown her. My object was to see if any of the boys would turn aside from the race to pick her up. I hoped that some of them would be humane enough to do so even though he should thereby damage his prospects in the race. I am glad to tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that the plan has succeeded admirably."

The captain of one of the boats had the race practically in his hands. Four of the boats were well behind him and he was fast overhauling the only one that was ahead. And yet, in spite of this, when he saw that none of the others would do it, he himself stood over to Highwater Rock and rescued the cat from her perilous position. I saw the whole race through a spy-glass. It was a noble act. I honor and praise that young gentleman for it. And in the name of the society which in some sense I represent, I thank him for it, and beg him to accept this watch as a tribute to his real manliness of character. Will Master Philip Carr please come to the platform?"

"Then Phil, confused and blushing, went forward, and presently found himself, cat and all, standing before the audience, while a perfect storm of applause burst upon him from the hundred true friends of his that were present. Everybody liked Phil Carr, but they liked him that day as they had never liked him before. And when he received his new gold watch everybody was as glad and happy over it as he was himself."

"Ah, Phil!" said the bishop's daughter, as she took his hand to congratulate him, "this is better than beating 'The Flash,' is it not?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Phil. And then he added confidentially, "But I mean to beat 'The Flash' yet, Miss Maitland."

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead

every child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word, or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BANDS OF MERCY.

Our crowded columns this month compel us to omit the names of 146 new "Bands of Mercy," making a total of 10,854. They will all appear in next "Our Dumb Animals."

A TRUE STORY.

In the year 1871 the steamship "Swallow" left the Cape of Good Hope bound for England. Among the passengers was a child of two years, and a nurse. The lady had also brought with her a huge, handsome Newfoundland dog.

The voyage had lasted about six days. No land was visible, and the island of St. Helena would be the nearest point. The day was a beautiful one, with a soft breeze blowing, and the sun shining down brightly on the sparkling waters. A large and gay company of the passengers were assembled on the deck; merry groups of young men and girls had clustered together; now and then a laugh rang out, or some one sang a gay little snatch of song, when suddenly the mirth of all was silenced by the loud and piercing scream of a woman.

A nurse who had been holding a child in her arms at the side of the vessel had lost her hold of the leaping, restless little one, and it had fallen overboard into the sea—into the great, wide Atlantic Ocean. The poor woman, in her despair, would have flung herself after her charge had not strong arms held her back. But sooner than it can be written down, something rushed quickly past her; there was a leap over the vessel's side, a splash into the waters, and then Nero's black head appeared above the waves, holding the child in his mouth.

The engines were stopped as soon as possible, but by that time the dog was far behind in the wake of the vessel. A boat was quickly lowered, and the ship's surgeon, taking his place in it, ordered the sailors to pull for their lives. One could just make out on the leaping, dancing waves the dog's black head, holding something scarlet in his mouth. The child had on a little jacket of scarlet cloth, and it gleamed like a spark of fire on the dark blue waves. The mother of the child stood on the deck, her eyes straining anxiously after the boat, and the black spot upon the waves still holding firmly to the tiny scarlet point. The boat seemed fairly to creep, though it sped over the waves as it never sped before.

Sometimes a billow higher than others hid for a moment dog and child. But the boat came nearer and nearer, near enough at last to allow the surgeon to reach over and lift the child out of the dog's mouth, then a sailor's stout arms pulled Nero into the boat, and the men rowed swiftly back to the ship.

"Alive!" shouted every lip, as the boat came within hail of the steamer; and, as the answer came back, "Alive!" a "Thank God!" came from every heart.

Then the boat came to the ship's side. A hundred hands were stretched out to help the brave dog on board, and "Good Nero," "Brave dog," "Good fellow," resounded on every side. But Nero ignored the praise showered so profusely on him. He trotted sedately up to the child's mother, and with a wag of his dripping tail looked up into her face with his big, faithful, brown eyes, as if he said, "It is all right; I have brought her back safe."

The mother dropped on her knees on the deck, and, taking his shaggy head in both hands, kissed his wet face again and again, the tears pouring down her face in streams. Indeed, there was not a dry eye on board. One old sailor stood near with the tears running down his weather-beaten brown face, unconscious that he was weeping.

Well, Nero was for the rest of the voyage the pet and hero of the ship, and he bore his honors with quiet dignity. It was curious, however, to see how from that time on he made himself the sentinel and body-guard of the child. He always placed himself at the side of the chair of any person in whose arms she was, his eyes watching every movement she made. Sometimes she would be laid on the deck, with only Nero to watch her, and if inclined to creep out of bounds, Nero's teeth, fastened firmly in the skirt of her frock, promptly drew her back. It was as though he said, "I have been lucky enough, Miss Baby, to save you once, but as I may not be so lucky again, I shall take care you don't run any such risks in the future."

When the steamer reached her destination, Nero received a regular ovation as he was leaving the vessel. Some one cried, "Three cheers for Nero!" and they were given with a will. And "Good-by, Nero," "Good-by, good dog," resounded on every side. Every one crowded around to give him a pat on the head as he trotted down the gang-plank. To all these demonstrations he could, of course, only reply with a wag of his tail and a twinkle of his faithful brown eyes. He kept close to the nurse's side, and

watched anxiously his little charge's arrival on dry land.

He was taken to the home of his little mistress, where he lived, loved and honored, until he died of old age, with his shaggy gray head resting on the knee of the child (now a woman) that he had saved. His grave is in an English churchyard, in the burial plot of the family to which he belonged, and is marked by a fair white stone, on which is engraved, "Sacred to the memory of Nero."

His portrait hangs over the chimney piece of an English drawing-room, beneath which sits, in a low arm-chair, a fair-haired girl, who often looks up at Nero's portrait as she tells how he sprang into the Atlantic Ocean after her, and held her until help came.—*Harper's Young People.*

A SENSIBLE DRIVER.

About 6 o'clock one evening this week the driver of a Third Avenue street car, bound up-town with a heavy load of passengers stopped his horses just before reaching Grand Street, hitched the lines tight, and ran over to a fruit stand on the curb and bought a couple of rosy apples. Returning to his horses, he gave each of them an apple, which the animals munched with great apparent relish. Then jumping on the platform he shook the lines loose, and the horses started off in the way that made the standing passengers grip the straps convulsively. To a passenger on the front platform the driver said that as a matter of fact and not sentiment one apple was worth more than all the whips in New York in getting satisfactory work from the horses. "I never use a whip on any horse," he said. "I drive six horses a day and give each one an apple, and they seem to look forward to the treat. The scheme cures balky and obstinate horses, and livens up lazy or tired horses wonderfully." And the way the horses covered the ground and did their work generally, seemed to bear out his theory. They made up for the time lost by the stop in less than three blocks, and kept on up-town like a fresh team.—*New York Sun.*

"NOT AT HOME."

A lady lounged in her rich boudoir,
A pattern of elegant grace;
Her robe had the rustle of costly moire,
And splendid *point d'angle* lace;
And her hands like lily buds folded were
In the creamiest tint of lace.

A "Sister of Charity" waiting stood
In the spacious hall below,
Her mission was noble, and holy, and good,
God and the angels know;
And the face half hid 'neath the queer white hood
Was pure as the unsoiled snow.

The little boy who clung to her hand
Was an orphan seven years old—
One among millions in our land,
Whose woes could scarcely be told—
One of the little ones of the land,
Who know no pasture nor fold!

In a few sweet words the sister told
Her errand at the door;
She spoke of the winter so bitterly cold,
And the wretched, suffering poor,
'Tis sad, but the story is frequent and old,
We have heard it often before.

The servant waited with impudent stare,
Till the gentle woman had done;
But she blushed as her bold eye fell on the fair
White brow of the motherless one,
And uttered the lie she had been taught there,
"My mistress is not at home!"

The great tears filled the child's brown eyes
As they turned without a word,
And the heart of the sister grew heavy with sighs,
For its burden of "hope deferred;"
And her prayer for patience cleft the skies,
Though by no mortal heard.

O woman of wealth! who basely rolled
Against your soul that lie;
Will you dare to send an answer as bold
When the "Master" by and bye
Shall ask you: "How have you used the gold
That was lent you from on high?"

Can you treat that messenger with disdain,
As you oft before have done?
Can you send him forth in the cold March rain
With the orphan and homeless one?
Dare you take on your lips the falsehood then,
And answer him "Not at home?"

FUNERALS IN FRANCE.

There is one French custom we should like to see introduced into the United States and become universal. In France, when a funeral passes, every man raises his hat to salute it. The deceased person may have been a child, a pauper, or a beggar; it is no matter; the cortege is saluted by every man, whether he be prince, millionaire, or mendicant. It is a good and lovely custom.

MY STORY, MARM?

My story, marm? Well, really, now, I have not much to say;
But if you'd called a year ago and then again to-day,
No need of words to tell you, marm, for your own eyes could see
How much the Temperance Cause has done for my dear John and me.

A year ago we hadn't flour to make a batch of bread,
And many a night these little ones went supperless to bed;
Now look into the larder, marm,—there's sugar, flour, and tea;
And that is what the Temperance Cause has done for John and me.

The pall that holds the butter, John used to fill with beer;
But he hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months and a year;
He pays his debts, is strong and well as any man can be;
And that is what the Temperance Cause has done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the streets, feeling so mean and low,
And he didn't like to meet the folks he used to know;
But now he looks them in the face, and steps off bold and free;
And this is what the Temperance Cause has done for John and me.

A year ago these little boys went strolling through the streets,
With scarcely clothing on their backs, and nothing on their feet;
But now they've shoes and stockings and garments as you see;
And that is what the Temperance Cause has done for John and me.

The children were afraid of him—his coming stopped their play;
But now when supper time is o'er, and the table cleared away,
The boys all frolic around his chair, the baby climbs his knee;
And this is what the Temperance Cause has done for John and me.

Ah, those sad days are o'er of sorrow and of pain;
The children have their father back, and I my John again!
I pray excuse my weeping, marm—they're tears of joy, to see
How much the Temperance Cause has done for my dear John and me.

Each morning, when he goes to work, I upward look and say:
"O, Heavenly Father, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day!"
And every night, before I sleep, thank God on bended knee
For what the Temperance Cause has done for my dear John and me.

THE MISSION OF AN ORGAN.

A lady with a cottage organ moved into a house joining a saloon, so that what transpired in one place could be heard in the other.

A sweet child of the lady died, and the saloon keeper, who owned the house, professed much sympathy; but the next Saturday night a number of rough drinking men met in the saloon to have some violin music, and as it was anything but soothing, the poor, lonely hearted mother doubtless thought of the organ, and going over to it, began playing; and as she played, sang,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh receive my soul at last."

She had played but one verse when all became quiet in the bar-room. Then she lifted up a silent prayer that the hymn might prove a blessing; and so God ordained, for when the lady ceased the shutters of the saloon were closed for the night.

The next evening the saloon-keeper sent two lady members of his family to ask the lady to play and sing

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

Wonderingly the lady complied. Still more strange, he sent in again and again.

The organ and hymn accomplished their mission. The man closed his saloon and abandoned the business.—*Christian Observer, San Antonio, Tex.*

HOW THE ELLEN M. GIFFORD FOUNTAIN CAME TO BE BUILT.

Tens if not hundreds of thousands of our Boston citizens have seen the drinking fountain for horses erected by our *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, at the corner of Beacon Street and Brookline and Brighton avenues, in memory of *Ellen M. Gifford*, of New Haven, Connecticut, and comparatively few have ever passed it without seeing thirsty horses standing around it drinking.

Like the *Dorothea L. Dix* fountain, which, in accordance with the will of that excellent and distinguished woman, I caused to be erected in Custom House Square, it has proved a gift of inestimable value to Boston's thirsty horses.

How did it happen to be erected?

On the evening of May 20th, 1874, I had the pleasure of addressing, in the Old State House at New Haven, the Connecticut Legislature. Several ladies were present, and I was told that an aged lady named *Marett* had taken great interest in our humane work. The next morning, having a little time before taking the train for New York, where I was to address the "American Social Science Association," I thought I would call upon this lady. She was very glad to see me, and asked me *who paid my expenses*. I answered that *I always paid my men*.

Some three years later she died, and I was notified that she had left me in her will a thousand dollars.

With that thousand dollars I printed seventy-six thousand copies of "*Five Questions Answered*," and named it "*The Marett Tract*," and distributed them, at my own expense, very widely over this country.

This gave great satisfaction to her daughter, *Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford*, and subsequently she sent twenty thousand dollars to found and support "*The Ellen M. Gifford Sheltering Home for Animals*," at Brighton.

At her death she gave us by will thirty thousand dollars more in trust, to use the interest to help maintain this Sheltering Home, and twenty-five thousand dollars to use as we deemed best for the protection of dumb animals.

I thought a fountain should be erected to her memory. Our directors agreed with me, and so I caused it to be erected.

In addition to the \$30,000 given us in trust to support "*The Sheltering Home*," I understand that \$50,000 more has been given by her executors, in accordance with her will, directly to "*The Ellen M. Gifford Sheltering Home Corporation*," which controls the Home.

I think it proper to add here, that while our *Massachusetts Society P. C. A.* has, in accordance with my plans and wishes, spent a great deal of money outside the State, it has received in return, from people residing outside the State, many thousand of dollars more than it has spent.

But it is my hope that I shall be able to use, through our "*American Humane Education Society*," in carrying humane education, "*Humane Societies*," and "*Bands of Mercy*" all over this American Continent, not only what we are now receiving from outside the State, but large contributions from humane citizens of *Massachusetts*; for I trust that *Massachusetts* will be behind no other State in this noble work of humanely educating the American people.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(From Springfield, Mass., "Daily Union.")

President Angell is pushing the circulation of that delightful book, "*Black Beauty*," with all his might. The society makes nothing on the publication, but has the satisfaction of moving hundreds of thousands or millions of people to greater kindness.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests her feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar,
Happy is he that heareth
The signal of his release,
In the bells of the Holy City,
And the chimes of eternal peace.

WHITTIER.



TWO OF OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

THE COMING MAN.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

O not for the great departed
Who framed our country's laws,
And not for the bravest-hearted
Who died in freedom's cause,
And not for some living hero
To whom all bend their knee,
My muse would raise her song of praise—
But for the man to be.

For out of the strife which woman
Is passing through to-day
A man that is more than human
Shall yet be born, I say.
A man in whose pure spirit
No dross of self will lurk;
A man who is strong to cope with wrong,
A man who is proud to work.
A man with hope undaunted,
A man with godlike power,
Shall come when the most is wanted,
Shall come at the needed hour.
He shall silence the din and clamor
Of clan disputing with clan,
And toil's long fight with purse-proud might
Shall triumph through this man.

I know he is coming, coming,
To help, to guide, to save,
Though I hear no martial drumming,
And see no flags that wave.
But the great soul-travail of woman,
And the bold free thought unfurled,
Are heralds that say he is on the way—
The coming man of the world.

Mourn not for vanished ages,
With their great heroic men,

Who dwell in history's pages,
And live in the poet's pen.
For the grandest times are before us,
And the world is yet to see
The noblest worth of this old Earth
In the men [and women] that are to be.

[It is not difficult to believe that out of the great army of mercy we are now organizing all over this country will come those whose coming is above foretold. — EDITOR.]

At the recent conference in Saratoga, Rev. Dr. —, of Boston, who is opposed to suffrage for women, and takes a rather conservative view of the woman question in general, spoke disparagingly of women as public speakers. Dr. — was not very well heard; and just as he was dwelling on the imperfections of women as speakers, and the importance of their taking elocution lessons before attempting to make public addresses, a lady in the back part of the audience rose and said, in a voice that was distinctly audible all over the large building, "Will the gentleman please speak a little louder? We cannot hear a word he says." It was Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. — *Woman's Journal*.

All the way to Heaven is Heaven.
Heaven is never deaf but when man's heart
is dumb.

